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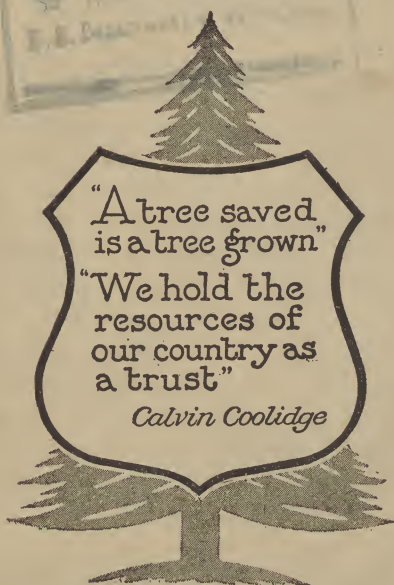
PROGRAM

for observance of

American Forest Week

April 27 to May 3, 1925

By Schools, Boy Scout Meetings,
and other Assemblies



UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

[This suggested program is purposely longer than would be practicable for use in most cases, with the idea of allowing a wholly desirable leeway in selection. Additional copies in limited quantities can be secured upon request to the U. S. Forest Service, Washington, D. C.]

1. Singing of "America."

By the assembly.

2. Oration.

"FORESTRY AS RELATED TO AMERICAN PATRIOTISM"

[ORIGINALLY WRITTEN BY CHARLES D. KER, A SCHOOLBOY
OF STAUNTON, VA.]

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land!"

Can it be imagined for a moment that this fervid patriotic utterance could have reference to a land of mere bricks and mortar, a man-made land, rather than a land of great open spaces and mighty forests, a land of sunshine and shadows, where the green carpet of the rolling meadows is succeeded by the cool and quiet shadows of the mighty forests! And could the fire of patriotism be kindled in any heart by a vast, unbroken, denuded, treeless tract, so that it would spontaneously sing forth with pride, "This is my own, my native land!" Or would the village blacksmith shop have had any really poetic setting had it not stood "under a spreading chestnut tree!" And yet, under the ruthless hand of man, the mighty forests have been, and are being, devastated, not merely for man's necessary use, but by reason of man's ignorance and carelessness.

No man who really loves his country would for one moment cast any obstacle in its march of progress, or do aught but encourage the proper utilization of the products of the forests as well as the products of the field, but it is equally true that no patriotic man can fail to view with alarm a wasteful and unnecessary destruction of the forests. The care and protection of the forests

is not for the purpose of preventing man from making use of their products, but of affording the maximum production with the minimum wasteful destruction. But the purpose and object of those who advocate the preservation of the forests by the application of the rules governing proper forestry is not merely to preserve their beauty and grandeur beneath whose quiet, cooling shades poets may sing or patriots may worship, but even from the standpoint of strict utility and national prosperity and aside from the standpoint of these sentimental considerations, it is absolutely necessary that the forests be handled in a prudent, careful, and guarded way, so that the waste of to-day may not bring the want of to-morrow.

Then, too, it must be borne in mind that a treeless land is an arid land. The care and preservation of the forests is essential that the fields and meadows may continue to be green and productive by the natural regulation of the supply of moisture.

It must be borne in mind that the destruction of a forest may be an extremely rapid process, whereas the growth of forest trees is, under the most favorable conditions, necessarily slow. A carelessly started fire may wipe out in a day vast tracts of valuable timber that it has taken years to grow, and will take years to replace.

True patriotism springs from the heart and evinces a sincere and deep love of country, and not merely an acquiescence in its form of government and observance of its laws and statutes. The true patriot loves his country for its beauty, its productiveness, its progress, and prosperity. And the true patriot will show his love of country and patriotism not merely by empty words but by deeds. There can be no question that active participation in the care and preservation of the forests, in the planting and care of trees, in perpetuating the beauty and promoting the prosperity of his country, should be the duty and pleasure of every patriotic citizen. Joining with the great army of patriots in this land of liberty, he should

“Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom’s song.”

3. Recitation.

SALUTE TO THE TREES

[HENRY VAN DYKE]

Many a tree is found in the wood,
And every tree for its use is good;
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearthstone warm.
Some for the roof, and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream;
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gifts to man.

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts;
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight;
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth,
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

I have camped in the whispering forests of pines,
I have slept in the shadow of olives and vines;
In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm,
I have found good rest and slumber's balm.
And now, when the morning gilds the boughs
Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house,
I open the window and make salute:
"God bless thy branches and feed thy root!
Thou hast lived before, live after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

4. What the Trees Teach Us.

FOURTEEN RHYMES FOR INDIVIDUAL RECITATIONS

[HELEN O. HOYT]

I am taught by the Oak to be rugged and strong
In defense of the right, in defiance of wrong.

I have learned from the Maple that beauty to win
The love of all hearts must have sweetness within.

The Beech, with its branches wide-spreading and low,
Awakes in my heart hospitality's glow.

The Pine tells of constancy. In its sweet voice,
It whispers of hope till sad mortals rejoice.

The nut-bearing trees teach that 'neath manners gruff
May be found as "sweet kernels" as in their caskets rough.

The Birch, in its wrappings of silvery gray,
Shows that beauty needs not to make gorgeous display.

The Ash, having fibers tenacious and strong,
Teaches me firm resistance, to battle with wrong.

The Aspen tells me with its quivering leaves
To be gentle to every sad creature that grieves.

The Elm teaches me to be pliant yet true;
Though bowed by rude winds, it still rises anew.

The Lombardy Poplars point upward in praise,
My voice to kind Heaven they teach me to raise.

I am taught generosity, boundless and free,
By showers of fruit from the dear Apple tree.

The Cherry tree, blushing with fruit crimson red,
Tells of God's free abundance that all may be fed.

In the beautiful Linden, so fair to the sight,
The truth I discern; it is inwardly white.

The firm-rooted Cedars, like sentries of old,
Show that virtues deep rooted may also be gold.

5. Musical Number.

6. Reading or Recitation.

EXCERPTS FROM PUBLIC STATEMENTS OF LEADERS IN THE MOVEMENT TO PERPETUATE AMERICA'S FORESTS

What has thus happened in northern China, what has happened in central Asia, in Palestine, in north Africa, in parts of the Mediterranean countries of Europe, will surely happen in our country if we do not exercise that wise forethought which should be one of the chief marks of any people calling itself civilized. Nothing should be permitted to stand in the way of the preservation of the forests, and it is criminal to permit individuals to purchase a little gain for themselves through the destruction of the forests when this destruction is fatal to the well-being of the whole country in the future.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Without the resources which make labor productive, American enterprise, energy, and skill would not in the past have been able to make headway against hard conditions. Our children and their children will not be able to make headway if we leave to them an impoverished country. Our land, our waters, our forests, and our minerals are the sources from which come directly or indirectly the livelihood of all of us. The conservation of our natural resources is a question of fundamental importance to the United States now.—*W. H. Taft.*

Next to the earth itself the forest is the most useful servant of man. Not only does it sustain and regulate the streams, moderate the winds, and beautify the land, but it also supplies wood, the most widely used of all materials. Its uses are numberless, and the demands which are made upon it by mankind are numberless also. It is essential to the well-being of mankind that these demands should be met. They must be met steadily, fully, and at the right time if the forest is to give its best service.—*Gifford Pinchot.*

There is no reason why we should not use our timber and have it, too—take each year what we require from our forests, and still retain our living forests—stately, permanent, useful, beautiful forests, paying in a hundred charming ways for the room they take and care they require—yes, paying even in money and paying well as first-class, profitable investments.—*Robert Chambers.*

The length of time required for the growth of timber from the seed to maturity shows conclusively that it was never destined in the order of nature for the exclusive use of a single generation.—*William Cullen Bryant.*

Many of our rivers have lost their usefulness for manufacturing purposes. The Connecticut is hardly navigable, and the Kennebec and Merrimac have shrunk one-fourth. The Potomac has lost nearly one-fourth of its volume, and the Hudson declined one-sixth. If the Adirondack wilderness and other forests adjacent were destroyed it would probably, in time, render the Hudson wholly unnavigable.—*Gen. J. S. Brisbin, U. S. A.*

When the forests go the waters go, the fish and game go, crops go, herds and flocks go, fertility departs. Then the age-old phantoms appear, stealthily one after another—Floods, Droughts, Fire, Famine, Pestilence.—*Robert Chambers.*

Americans owe more than any other people on earth to the toils, sacrifices, and forethought of their forefathers, and it is their duty—every man's duty—to transmit the inheritance they received from them to their descendants unimpaired by waste and neglect.—*Gen. J. S. Brisbin, U. S. A.*

Over three-fifths of the timber originally in the United States is gone—destroyed by fire and used in our advancing development as a great nation. To-day we are cutting and burning our forests five times as fast as they grow. One-half of the timber remaining is in the three States on the Pacific coast. We are the heaviest users of wood of any people in the world, and we can not cut down our per capita use to the level of European countries and at the same time continue to develop our great natural resources and maintain our country's industrial supremacy. * * * The kernel of our problem is the

enormous areas of forest land which are not producing the timber crops that they should. We have 326 million acres of cut-over land bearing no saw timber and 81 million acres devastated as the result of bad methods of cutting and repeated fires, and producing nothing worth while. Each year we are adding 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 acres to this idle land as cutting and burning of forests continue. * * * We must stop devastation of our remaining forests. We must put those idle acres at work growing trees. Forest-fire prevention is an important part of the problem. We can all help in this. Let us never through carelessness be responsible for a forest fire, and let us always strive to teach others the vital importance of the warning. * * * Be careful with fire in the woods.—*W. B. Greeley, Forester, U. S. Forest Service.*

If we should begin to-day to put our forests in shape, protect them, and handle them according to the most approved methods, every cord of wood and every saw log that we could raise during the next hundred years would be urgently needed long before it is ready for the ax. * * * To-day our virgin forests are 70 per cent gone. In a little more than 100 years a nation growing from a few million people has consumed almost a continent of timber. It is time to ask ourselves how long one-third as much timber will last a nation twenty-two times greater in population. * * * The purchase of forest land actually made by the Government under the Weeks law comprise about 2,000,000 acres, and the area cut off and denuded in the same period has increased over 69,000,000 acres. It is essential that the purchases of forest land by the Government more nearly keep pace with the progress of deforestation. * * * Data already at hand show beyond any question of doubt the necessity of protecting the forests we now possess and of beginning at once to grow more forests. If we fail to do this, not our grandchildren, but our children, will suffer grave consequences. * * * We built war machines and trained millions of fighting men in a matter of months, and because we turned the tide in the World War, we find ourselves more or less philosophical over the waste of life and money which was directly attributable to a lack of preparedness; but we can not grow trees large enough for saw timber in less than 50 years, no matter how many lives we would sacrifice or how

many billions of dollars we would expend in the effort.
* * * We delay. We put off attacking the problem while our forest capital grows smaller and smaller. We court the day when our need of wood becomes so dire that public opinion will demand a national expenditure of one or two hundred million dollars a year. It is obvious that, under the pressure of an immediate emergency, such a sum can not be economically spent, and that industrial and economic distress can not be ameliorated. However much we spend, we must wait for the timber to grow. Future wood requirements of the nation must be provided for in advance. There is no other way. * * * The people and our statesmen must disabuse their minds of the idea that our present timber supplies will last another 150 years, because at our present rate of forest consumption, through cutting and burning, 15 years will bring the pinch of forest exhaustion upon us. As far as the great bulk of consumers is concerned, we are already feeling the pinch. The average man who wants to use timber is now embarrassed by the mounting price of lumber, due in large measure to long freight hauls. Many of our people are thus prevented from constructing buildings they urgently need. * * * While 60 per cent of all our timber and 75 per cent of the remaining virgin growth lies west of the Great Plains (in Idaho, Washington, Oregon, and California), three-fourths of the forest land of the country, together with three-fourths of the population and agriculture and the greater portion of the manufactories, are east of the Great Plains. Taking all the timber species and products together, only 25 per cent of the amount cut and destroyed annually is replaced by the current growth. The other 75 per cent is an annual inroad upon the timber capital of the country. Our normal stand should be about 3,500 billion feet. It is now about 2,200 billion feet, and is being decreased at the rate of about 60 billion board feet a year. * * * It is now imperative that forestry shall be given its proper place in the vital affairs of the Nation. We can not adequately provide for our future need except through a great project, conceived, adopted, and appropriated for as was the Panama Canal.—*Henry S. Graves, Dean, Yale Forest School.*

7. Reading.

WHAT IS AMERICAN FOREST WEEK?

Thoughtful people have realized for some time that before very much could be done to reduce the enormous destruction which our forests suffer annually from fire, it would be necessary to educate the people as a whole to just what this destruction means to them as private citizens. American Forest Week was inaugurated in 1920 in Washington and Oregon, a week being set aside during which every effort was made to inform the people as to the seriousness of the fire menace to the great forests of that region. It is hard to estimate the direct result of that first year's effort, but it was of tremendous value because it served as the beginning of American Forest Week as now nationally observed.

In 1921 President Harding realized the importance of having the entire Nation join in the observance of such a week and accordingly issued his first proclamation on the subject.

Thus we see how in four short years the idea has grown into a national institution. That the work yet to be done is enormous is best shown by the sad fact that fire in the woods continues to exact a frightful toll. Like a grim gatekeeper at the bridgehead, it yearly reaps its red harvest. Last year 15 million acres in continental United States was fire-swept, with a flame damage of almost \$20,000,000.

The toll taken by forest fires must be blazoned throughout the country in the hope that it will arouse the Nation to greater efforts. The time has come for the Nation to awaken to its staggering fire losses and to put its heel on fire in the woods. Fire and forests do not mix. We can not have both. We must choose between them—and choose quickly.

And so again this year our President has proclaimed this week as American Forest Week. Throughout the length and breadth of our fair land schools, churches, women's clubs, civic organizations, and that greater moulder of public thought—the American press—are uniting in the greatest effort yet put forth to the end that fire may be driven from our forests and a National Forestry Policy adopted.

8. Musical Number.

9. Recitation for Six.

THE FOREST PLEADERS

[E. T. ALLEN]

First Pleader (carrying evergreen branch):

I AM THE FOREST.

I clothe this favored land
With beauty, and on every hand
 You turn to me in daily need.
Your best friend I have always stood;
You could not live not using wood.
 For your protection now I plead.
Nor do I bid you take my word;
Let these my witnesses be heard.

Second Pleader (carrying pail of water):

I AM THE STREAM.

From my woodland springs
To river mouth, where the white gull wings
 Over the ships from the ends of the earth,
I flow to your homes and mills and fields
And carry the freight that the harvest yields,
 But shady forests gave me birth.

Third Pleader (carrying pet animal):

I AM THE WILD THINGS.

I speak for graceful deer
And flushing trout in brook pools clear,
 For singing birds and squirrels pert,
And all the wearers of feathers and fur.
What should we do if no forests were
 To shelter us from fear and hurt?

Fourth Pleader (carrying ax):

I AM INDUSTRY.

To me the forest brings
Reward for labor and all things
That money buys, for in this State
A great share of our wage-earners' pay
Comes from lumbering in some way.
The fate of forests is my fate.

Fifth Pleader (carrying fishing rod):

I AM PLEASURE.

Happy vacation days,
Camping, hunting, and all the ways
Of nature in her gladdest moods,
The forest holds for girls and boys
Who love outdoors and wholesome joys—
There is no playground like the woods.

Sixth Pleader (strikes match and holds it burning):

I AM THE FUTURE.

Shall all these pass away?
Must we look forward to a day
Of fire-charred, lifeless, streamless slopes
Where thoughtless match or unwatched brand
From man's ungrateful, careless hand
Has destroyed his own children's hopes?

*All (Future blows match out, watches as he drops it, then
tramps it out):*

FIRE IS OUR ENEMY.

Won't you help us then?
Learn yourselves, and teach all men,
This, the lesson all must learn,
Put out the camp fire and the match;
Careful with slash and clearing-patch;
Leave no fires in the woods to burn.

10. Reading.

A FOREST FABLE—BURNING HOMES

[FROM THE NATIONAL LUMBER BULLETIN]

One day last summer a man set fire to more than a score of homes. Every home was entirely consumed and there was no insurance. The man went on his way, if not rejoicing at least without visible evidence of regret. He had no fear of punishment because the homes he had destroyed were not yet built; they were still in the tree trunks awaiting the magic wand of industry to give them habitable form. But economically these homes were destroyed as surely as though the trees had been made into lumber and the lumber into structures. And this is the way it happened:

It was the vacation season and an automobile carrying a party of tourists stopped on a road that wound through a magnificent stand of timber. The travelers sat in rapturous admiration of the quiet forest scene and rhapsodized over the great trees that columned their majestic beauty as far as the eye could see. One of the men of the party lit a contemplative cigarette and tossed the match to the side of the road, and the auto passed on.

Half an hour later a fire lookout man on a distant high point saw yellowish smoke ballooning over the tree tops. Upon the chart before him he located the fire approximately, then turned quickly to the telephone which connected him with the forest ranger's station.

After what seemed an interminable wait, the lookout, with his powerful field glasses, noted various gangs of men at work. They were combating that most terrifying, most ungovernable and dangerous of all rebellious elements—the forest fire. For a day and night and another day the battle waged. Grimy men, black as charred trunks around them, worn to the last stages of exhaustion, fought on—cutting away underbrush, dynamiting logs and trees, beating out the slinking fringes of advancing ground fire, shouting one to another above the crackling inferno of heat and smoke, panting like hunted animals around the water barrels where they slaked their thirst with the lukewarm liquid, but gaining, almost imper-

ceptibly at first, yet gradually with greater certainty as the weary hours dragged on. And amid the confusion and crash of falling timber the ranger and his foremen generaled the battle.

Several days later a wide, barren scar lay upon the mountain side, still smouldering in places where the black splinters of the charred stumps pointed like accusing fingers, and still sent out masses of yellowish white smoke. The scar covered hundreds of acres and it would continue to smoulder and smoke for weeks, while all about in the adjacent woods were fire guards constantly vigilant to see that the enemy did not creep out and strike again.

And far away the automobile tourists journeyed carefree and utterly unconcerned. At a sawmill they stopped for a few minutes to watch the logs in slow procession from the pond to the band saws. "What a shame," exclaimed the man with the cigarette, in a burst of sentimental revolt, "what a shame to cut down these beautiful trees!"

11. Recitation.

WHAT DO WE BURN WHEN WE BURN OUR TREES?

[STODDARD]

What do we burn when we burn our trees?
We burn the home for you and me,
We burn the carriage house, barn, and shed,
The baby's cradle, the little boy's sled,
The bookcase, the table, the rocker of ease,
We burn all these when we burn our trees.

What do we burn when we burn our trees?
The daily comfort which everyone sees,
The wages for man for years to come,
In factories big where busy wheels hum—
For industries many depend on trees—
When our forests burn we burn all these.

What do we burn when we burn our trees?
The homes of the birds, the squirrels, and bees,
The home of the brook and the cooling spring
Where violets blossom and bluebirds sing,
The beauties of nature, so fair to please—
We burn all these when we burn our trees.

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever new delight;
They give us peace, and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong.

12. Reading.

TREE STORIES FOR CHILDREN: PAPER MADE FROM TREES

[MARY ISABEL CURTIS]

A little boy I know went with me up on the mountain side, one day last fall, to watch the lumbermen at work skidding logs into great piles as large as a small house. The little boy looked up at me.

"Oh, wouldn't it be fun," he said, "to set a match to it and have a great big bonfire?"

"Not at all," said I, "for that would mean so many hundred sheets of paper burned before they were even made."

He didn't understand, and so I told him how all these logs were to be used in making paper.

Perhaps you have seen the round, gray, papery hornet's nests hanging from a tree branch, or up under the eaves of a house? Well, these nests are really paper. Hornets made the first paper from wood, and men learned from them how to use our trees for making paper. The hornets take mouthfuls of wood from unpainted fence posts or dead limbs of trees. They chew them into little balls of pulp and spread each mouthful carefully on the edge of the nest they are building. We make paper in the same way by machinery. Thousands of spruce and other woods are cut down every year, piled into great heaps, and later dragged, or floated down a river, to a pulp mill. There they are chipped by machinery into little bits, put into a tremendous kettle or cauldron, called a digester, and over them is poured a liquid made from a lime and sulphur solution. The wood chips cook in this kettle for hours until they are pulp, like the pulp the hornets have chewed for their nests. Then the pulp is poured into another vat, where it is churned around in water to wash out the solution. From this vat it is drawn off and passed between great hot rollers that iron the pulp into large, flat sheets. The sheets pass from one set of rollers to another, each set ironing them out a little thinner, until at last they come out real paper, ready to be printed on and delivered at your door as the morning newspaper.

13. Reading or Recitation for from One to Seven.

FIRE—THE DESTROYER

Arranged for seven. One appropriately designated as "History" addresses the other six thus:

"The moving finger writes and, having writ, moves on—from 1871 to 1925, a scorching record of forest destruction by fire.

"The question is: Shall it *continue* to write in shameful, flaming figures this record of irrevocable loss to our people?"

Then the six reply all together:

"Since carelessness is responsible for most of our forest fires, since the damage amounts to many millions of dollars each year, and since everyone—you, I, and the children of the future—lose when the forests burn, we will do all in our power to observe and have others observe these six pledges."

Then each of the six recite one rule or all in unison:

"1. *Matches*.—I will be sure my match is out. I will pinch it before throwing it away.

"2. *Tobacco*.—I will warn smokers to throw their pipe ashes and cigar or cigarette stumps in the dust of the road and stamp or pinch out the fire before leaving them. I will warn them not to throw them into the brush, leaves, or needles.

"3. *Making camp*.—I will build only a small camp fire. I will build it in the open, not against a tree or log or near brush. I will scrape away the trash from all around it.

"4. *Leaving camp*.—I will never leave a camp fire, even for a short time, without quenching it with water and then covering it with earth.

"5. *Brush or clearing fires*.—I will never build brush or clearing fires in windy weather or where there is the slightest danger of their escaping from control. I will not make them larger than necessary.

"6. *Fighting fires*.—If I find a fire I will try to put it out. If I can't, I will get word of it to the nearest United States forest ranger or State fire warden at once."

14. Closing Musical Number.

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PROGRAM

for observance of

American Forest Week

April 18-24, 1926

By

Schools, Boy Scout and Four-H
Club Meetings, and other
Assemblies



UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

[It is not suggested that the following program be used in its entirety at any one meeting or assembly. Enough material is included in it to permit selection, or to provide two or more programs for the individual school or club. Additional copies of this folder may be obtained in limited quantities from the U. S. Forest Service, Washington, D. C.]



1. Song, "America the Beautiful."

2. Reading.

KEEPING THE FORESTS ALIVE

By M. B. PRATT, State Forester of California

Forests can be made to produce continued crops of timber if properly cared for. Forestry seeks to take care of the forests in such a way that they will always produce timber and not become barren wastes. In order to secure crops of timber, there must always be a succession of trees coming on so that when the mature trees are cut, their places will be taken by other trees. If all the young trees are destroyed by fire, as is the case on thousands of acres of forest land, there will be none left to replace the mature trees after they are cut. The fire, however, does not kill the brush which is often intermingled with the young trees. It soon sprouts from the roots, and dense brush patches known as chaparral are the result.

An example of the results of fire on the forests can be seen in the vicinity of Mount Shasta. The early settlers who came to that region found a beautiful stand of timber on the slopes of that mountain. Lumbermen soon began to log this timber, but there were many small trees left, since only the best trees were taken in those days. These small trees would have been large trees by now if fires had been kept out. Unfortunately, fires ran through this region time and time again. As fast as the young trees could stick their heads through the brush, they were killed by fire. The brush sprouted again, and as a result of repeated fires much of this region is covered to-day with brush so dense that it is impossible to get through it on foot.

3. Recitation.

TREES OF THE FRAGRANT FOREST

(For six children. As they take their places upon the stage, those in seats recite the first stanza.)

Trees of the fragrant forest,
With leaves of green unfurled,
Through summer's heat, through winter's cold,
What do you do for our world?

First:

Our green leaves catch the raindrops
That fall with soothing sound,
Then drop them slowly, slowly down;
'Tis better for the ground.

Second:

When, rushing down the hillside,
A mighty freshet foams,
Our giant trunks and spreading roots
Defend your happy homes.

Third:

From burning heat in summer
We offer cool retreat,
Protect the land in winter's storm
From cold, and wind, and sleet.

Fourth:

Our falling leaves in autumn,
By breezes turned and tossed,
Will make a deep sponge-carpet warm,
Which saves the ground from frost.

Fifth:

We give you pulp for paper,
Our fuel gives you heat;
We furnish lumber for your homes,
And nuts and fruit to eat.

Sixth:

With strong and graceful outline,
With branches green and bare,
We fill the land through all the year
With beauty everywhere.

All:

So, listen! From the forest
Each one a message sends
To children on this Arbor Day:
"We trees are your best friends!"

—Primary Education

NOTE.—"April" may be substituted for "Arbor" in the last stanza if the recitation is to be given on some other day than Arbor Day.

4. Reading.

HOW FORESTS PROTECT STREAMS

By OVERTON PRICE

Forests are to streams what the storage battery is to the electric wire—the source of useful power, and energy, and current in reserve. Take away the battery, and the wire is dead; injure the battery, and the current loses force and permanence.

When the rain falls on a forest, it spatters against the roof of leaves, and the heavy, hard-pounding rain-drops are broken up into a fine, soft mist. Anyone who has stood under a tree during a shower doesn't need to be told that. When this mist reaches the ground under the trees, it falls on a soft bed of dead leaves. This bed has a wonderful power to soak up and hold water; and so the rain soaks slowly into the leaf litter, much as water does into a cloth, until it reaches the soil beneath. This is called the mineral soil, because it was made by the gradual wearing away of rocks of many kinds, which took more years than we can count.

The water slowly works on down through this mineral soil, following cracks and channels already worn by the action of water for thousands of years; continually starting new channels of its own, joining with other rivulets, and so forming streams and even rivers underground. It is these underground waters, finding their way to the surface on the mountain sides and in the valleys, which make springs.

When the forests are gone all this is changed. The sun beats down on the leaf litter, dries it up, and the wind scatters it until only the dense mineral soil is left, which bakes with the heat until it is sometimes nearly as hard as brick. When the rain falls on it, very little soaks in. The rest runs off down hill into the streams, carrying a part of the soil with it. * * * Over there is a bare hillside with great raw gashes and gullies worn in it by the countless little torrents of muddy water which have dashed down it after each hard rain ever since the forest was destroyed.

A little farther down the river we see a tangled mass which evidently was once a large building on the river's bank. But the river rose in flood a few years ago and swept this big mill away like a match box, to pile it up, a useless wreck of broken timbers, a little farther down.

Below where the mill was we see the ruin of a bridge. The same flood which took the mill swept out the bridge as well.

A little farther, just where the valley broadens and the river banks are low, we pass for miles through a sandy, barren stretch which must once have been farmed, because we see fences through it here and there, and also an occasional house. But there are no cattle or crops in the fields. When the river was last in flood it overflowed its banks and spread a film of sand over this rich farm land, or washed its surface soil away and gullied it beyond recovery.

The ruin of the mill, the bridge, and the rich farms is the revenge taken by the river for what men did to the forests which used to feed it.

5. Recitation.

SHADE

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

The kindest thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is shade.
His glorious company of trees
Throw out their mantles, and on these
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.
Green temples, closed against the beat
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.
The white road blisters in the sun;
Now, half the weary journey done,
Enter and rest, O weary one!
And feel the dew of dawn still wet
Beneath thy feet, and so forget
The burning highway's ache and fret.
This is God's hospitality,
And whoso rests beneath a tree
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.

6. Song: "The Monarch of the Woods," or the following:

LOVELY MAY

(To be sung to the tune of "Lightly Row")

Lovely May, lovely May,
Decks the world with blossoms gay.
"Come ye all, come ye all,"
Thus the flowers call.
Sparkles now the sunny dale,
Fragrant is the flowery vale;
Song of bird, song of bird,
In the grove is heard.

Lightly pass, lightly pass,
Thro' the nodding meadow grass,
Woodlands bright, woodlands bright,
Wake from winter's night.
Where the silver brooklet flows,
Rippling softly as it goes,
Will we rest, will we rest,
In green mossy nest.

7. Recitation:

THE TREE

By JONES VERY

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed;

And when the autumn winds have stripped thee bare
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam when most we need
their love.

8. Recitation.

AUTUMN LEAVES

By GEORGE COOPER

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come over the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold;
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."
Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.
"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long;
Little brook, sing us your farewell song—
Say you're sorry to see us go;
Ah! you are sorry, right well we know."
Dancing and whirling the little leaves went;
Winter had called them and they were content—
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a soft mantle over their heads.

9. Recitation.

THE STORY OF A LEAF

By REBECCA D. RICKOFF

I am only a leaf. My home is one of the great trees that grow near the schoolhouse. All winter I was wrapped up in a tiny warm blanket, tucked in a little brown cradle, and rocked by the winds as they blew. Do you not believe it? What I say is true.

Next fall just break off a branch of a tree, and see whether you can not find a leaf bud on it. It will look like a little brown knot.

Break it open, and inside you will see some soft, white down; that is the blanket. The brown shell that you break is the cradle.

Well, as I was telling you, I was rocked all winter in my cradle on the branch. When the warm days came, and the soft rains fell, then I grew very fast indeed. I soon pushed myself out of my cradle, dropped my blanket, and showed my pretty green dress to all who came by.

Oh, how glad every one was to see me! And here I am, so happy with my little brothers and sisters about me! Every morning the birds come and sing to us; the great sun shines upon us, and the winds fan us.

We dance with the winds, we smile back at the bright sun, and make a pleasant shade for the dear birds. Every day, happy, laughing school children pass under our tree.

We are always glad to see you, boys and girls—glad to see your bright eyes, and hear you say, “How beautiful the leaves are!”

10. Recitation.

LITTLE EVERGREENS, GROW!

Hey! little evergreens,
Sturdy and strong!
Summer and autumn time,
Hasten along.
Harvest the sunbeams, then,
Bind them in sheaves,
Range them and change them
To tufts of green leaves.
Delve in the mellow mold,
Far, far below,
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

Up, up so airily
To the blue sky,
Lift up your leafy tips
Stately and high;
Clasp tight your tiny cones,
Tawny and brown;
By and by, buffeting
Rains will pelt down.
By and by, bitterly
Chill winds will blow.
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

11. Recitation.

PLANT A TREE

By LUCY LARCOM

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?
He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;

Every day a fresh reality,
 Beautiful and strong,
 To whose shelter throng
 Creatures blithe with song.
 If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
 Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!
 He who plants a tree—
 He plants peace.
 Under its green curtains jargons cease.
 Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
 Shadows soft with sleep
 Down tired eyelids creep,
 Balm of slumber deep.
 Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
 Of the benediction thou shalt be.
 He who plants a tree—
 He plants youth;
 Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
 Life of time, that hints eternity!
 Boughs their strength uprear;
 New shoots, every year,
 On old growths appear;
 Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
 Youth of soul is immortality.
 He who plants a tree—
 He plants love,
 Tents of coolness spreading out above
 Wayfarers he may not live to see.
 Gifts that grow are best;
 Hands that bless are blest;
 Plant! life does the rest!
 Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
 And his work its own reward shall be.

12. Song.

A HYMN FOR ARBOR DAY

By HENRY HANBY HAY

God save this tree we plant!
 And to all nature grant
 Sunshine and rain.
 Let not its branches fade,
 Save it from axe and spade,
 Save it for joyful shade,
 Guarding the plain.

When it is ripe to fall,
 Neighbored by trees as tall,
 Shape it for good.
 Shape it to bench and stool,
 Shape it for home and school,
 Shape it to square and rule,
 God bless the wood.

13. Reading.

One Sunday morning last August a little girl about 8 years old was walking along a road on Johns Mountain, in Tennessee. She noticed a cigarette stub smoldering in the leaves by the roadside, but passed by. When she had gone only about twenty steps she heard what she thought was the sound of an automobile coming up behind her. Looking around, she discovered that the smoldering cigarette stub had started a fire in the leaves which was spreading rapidly. She ran to a home near by, and the man of the house hurried back with her to the fire. He soon found that he could not cope with it single-handed, so he rushed to a neighboring church and called out all the men and boys who were attending the church service—about forty in all. The fire had spread so by the time they reached it that they had to fight it all the rest of the day and half the night. When it was finally extinguished, at 11 o'clock at night, it had burned over about 30 acres of woodland.

That little girl does not know who was so careless as to drop the burning cigarette stub in the leaves; but she does know that if she had set her foot on it she would have saved many hours of hard work for forty men and boys, and the trees growing on 30 acres of land.

14. Reading.

A FOREST FIRE

By F. A. TALBOT

The dirty yellow cloud disfiguring the sky on our departure from Fort George loomed up larger and larger as we advanced, until at last it spread over us like a huge canopy stifling the sunlight.

As we pushed into the forest we saw on every side smoking trails through the moss, where the fire had eaten its insidious way amid the dry pile carpet, while wicked tongues of flame betrayed the consumption of a more than ordinarily tender morsel. Now and again there would be a sudden rush, accompanied by a vicious cracking and snapping. Looking towards the spot, one would see the flames jumping from the ground, from branch to branch of a dry tree, setting it aglow from top to bottom in a flash. The spruce tree is the food on which the fire feasts. Its lower branches have the life crushed out of them by the pressure of the thicket and hang dry and dead covered with a hairlike lichen which droops down in thick, tangled masses and is highly combustible. When the fire reaches the foot of a spruce it embraces it in a sheet of roaring flame. * * *

Presently we emerged from a thicket and came upon the full brunt of the effects of the fire. The ground was smoking furiously, and the dead trees were glowing red embers. * * * One's feet sank into about six inches of hot ash.

Here and there about a dozen yards from the trail a huge fire in full blast would be discerned, presenting a solid phalanx of roaring, darting flame a hundred yards or so in width, and lapping branches a hundred feet or more above ground. When the flames suddenly spurted out with a deafening crackling and spitting, the pack horses would stand still, fixing their eyes on the burning mass as if hypnotized, and could only be driven forward by the whip. But it was not the burning forest we so much dreaded, for that was on our lee side, but the wreckage the flames had left in their wake. The roots of these trees spread along the surface drawing their nourishment from the top moss. As this was being consumed, the roots would char slowly until the tree, deprived of its foundation, would cant over, and without the slightest warning come crashing to the ground, unless its descent was arrested by an obstructing tree, when it would be held at a dangerous angle until the support succumbed to the insidious attack of the smoldering fire about its own roots, or a furious wind came along and swept the bending giant to the ground.

For about three hours we wended slowly through this smoldering, burning, smoking labyrinth of collapsing trees, all the time on tenterhooks. Then, emerging upon a rolling flat covered with cottonwood trees, or what is locally described as poplar, we were once more able to stretch our lungs with pure invigorating air.

15. Reading or Talk.

CAMP FIRES

"Nine out of ten campers build fires which are far too large. The average camper becomes very ambitious as soon as he has a fire well started. He wants all outdoors to know about it, hankers for a blaze that is a regular hip-hip-hurrah Fourth-of-July celebration."

Many years ago, T. J. Kirkpatrick related an incident bearing upon this subject which has become something of a classic among outdoors people. He told of camping with an Indian guide when the Indian, while cooking supper over a fire no bigger than a hat, turned and said:

"White man make heap big fire—stand way off. Indian make little fire—sit down side him."

Observe at all times the utmost caution as to where and how you build your camp fire, especially so when there is a sharp wind blowing. Build it in a trench or depression at such times so that sparks will neither

head for one's tent nor scatter broadcast. Terrible forest holocausts have resulted from stray sparks settling upon a dry forest floor. Indeed, during a very dry spell, the forest is about as inflammable as the waste paper basket beside your desk at home. Even the dropping of a lighted match, a cigarette, pipe ashes, or an unextinguished cigar may be the means of starting a devastating forest fire.

The fact is commonly recognized that a log above ground will smolder unnoticed and later break into flames when fanned by a freshening wind, but not so many people who use the woods realize that the same sort of situation may occur out of sight underground. Not infrequently a fire has burned for several days underground and then suddenly flashed through the surface many yards away, a devastating flame.

The reason for this seeming incongruity is that the forest floor in many instances is hardly more than a thick layer of humus—decayed vegetation which when dry holds fire for a long time. A fire should not be built on a layer of this sort.

When your camp fire has died down and you are ready to pass on to other parts, do not leave until the fire is deader than the proverbial doornail. For a fire is just that crafty that if lingering sparks remain it may blaze to life again the minute you are out of sight. A fire is never out until the last spark is out.—*Elon Jessup.*

16. Reading.

THE STORY OF TWO MATCHES

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

One day there was a traveler in the woods in California, in the dry season, when the "trades" were blowing strong. He had ridden a long way and he was tired and hungry, and dismounted from his horse to smoke a pipe. But when he felt in his pocket, he found but two matches. He struck the first and it would not light.

"Here is a pretty state of things," said the traveler. "Dying for a smoke, only one match left, and that certain to miss fire! Was there ever a creature so unfortunate? And yet," thought the traveler, "suppose I light this match, and smoke my pipe, and shake out the dottle here in the grass—the grass might catch on fire, for it is dry like tinder; while I snatch out the flames in front, they might evade and run behind me and seize upon yon bush of poison oak; before I could reach it, that would have blazed up. Over the bush I see a pine tree hung with moss; that, too, would fly in fire upon the instant to its topmost bough. And the flame of that long torch—how the trade wind would take and brandish that through the

inflammable forest! I hear this dell roar in a moment with the joint voice of wind and fire. I see myself gallop for my soul, and the flying conflagration chase and outflank me through the hills. I see this pleasant forest burn for days, the cattle roasted, the springs dried up, the farmer ruined and his children cast upon the world. What a world hangs upon this moment!"

With that he struck the match, and it missed fire.

"Thank God," said the traveler, and put his pipe in his pocket.

17. Recitation.

WHAT DO WE BURN WHEN WE BURN OUR TREES?

By EDITH M. MOSHER

What do we burn when we burn our trees?
We burn the home for you and me,
We burn the carriage house, barn, and shed,
The baby's cradle, the little boy's sled,
The bookcase, the table, the rocker of ease,
We burn all these when we burn our trees.

What do we burn when we burn our trees?
The daily comfort which everyone sees,
The wages for man for years to come,
In factories big where busy wheels hum—
For industries many depend on trees—
When our forests burn we burn all these.

What do we burn when we burn our trees?
The homes of birds, the squirrels, and bees,
The home of the brook and the cooling spring
Where violets blossom and bluebirds sing,
The beauties of nature, so fair to please—
We burn all these when we burn our trees.

NOTE.—In the program for the observance of American Forest Week in schools and in Boy Scout and other assemblies issued by the Forest Service in 1925, the above verses of Miss Mosher were erroneously credited to Stoddard.

18. Recitation.

A CONTRAST—FORESTRY OR NO FORESTRY

By OVERTON PRICE

A fair land, fertile and kindly, * * * impoverished and marred; its forests wasted by fire and destructive methods of lumbering; its streams mere sewers for the soil wash from denuded hillsides; * * * the fertility of its farms so lowered that they offer only the barren hope of a mere existence to those who till the soil; a nation with a great beginning, checked abruptly in its forward movement and its growth by lack of the substance upon which to feed.

Now, the other side: A fair land, made still more fair by thrift; a land whose great strength and power lie not merely in the length of its purse, but in the natural resources which give it real independence; its

green forests clothing the mountains, and so cherished that they furnish perpetual reservoirs of wood for men's needs; its streams clear and forest fed, unfailing sources of water for men and crops to drink, and for boats to float upon; a nation great like its beginning, wholesome and strong-hearted, traveling onward happily through the unnumbered centuries to its goal.

19. Song.

ON FOREST LAND

By L. C. EVERARD

(To be sung to tune of "My Maryland")

Great forests grew in days gone by
On forest land, on forest land,
Where now bare sands and black stumps lie
On forest land, on forest land;
For saw and ax in careless hand
Have swept the trees from forest land,
And fire has flung his glowing brand
On forest land, on forest land.

The acres burned, the acres bare,
On forest land, on forest land,
The acres wrecked by lack of care,
On forest land, on forest land,
Now spread their millions, barren, dead,
Where no man works, no game is fed;
And muddy streams their banks o'erspread,
On forest land, on forest land.

Drive out the fire that seeks to spoil
Our forest land, our forest land,
And save the trees and save the soil,
On forest land, on forest land.
We'll cut our logs with careful hand,
Leave seed to grow a later stand,
And plant with trees the idle land—
Make forest land a harvest land.

20. Quotations to be read or recited.

Next to the earth itself the forest is the most useful servant of man. Not only does it sustain and regulate the streams, moderate the winds, and beautify the land, but it also supplies wood, the most widely used of all materials. Its uses are numberless, and the demands which are made upon it by mankind are numberless also. It is essential to the well-being of mankind that these demands should be met. They must be met steadily, fully, and at the right time if the forest is to give its best service. The object of practical forestry is precisely to make the forest render its best service to man in such a way as to increase rather than to diminish its usefulness in the future. Forest management and conservative lumbering are other names for practical forestry. Under whatever name it may be known, practical forestry means both the use and the preservation of the forest.—*Gifford Pinchot.*

A people without children would face a hopeless future; a country without trees is almost as hopeless; forests which are so used that they can not renew themselves will soon vanish, and with them all their benefits. A true forest is not merely a storehouse full of wood, but, as it were, a factory of wood, and at the same time a reservoir of water. When you help to preserve our forests or to plant new ones you are acting the part of good citizens. The value of forestry deserves, therefore, to be taught in the schools, which aim to make good citizens of you. If your Arbor Day exercises help you to realize what benefits each one of you receives from the forests, and how by your assistance these benefits may continue, they will serve a good end.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Over three-fifths of the timber originally in the United States is gone—destroyed by fire and used in our advancing development as a great nation. To-day we are cutting and burning our forests four times as fast as they grow. One-half of the timber remaining is in the three States on the Pacific Coast. We, as a people, are the heaviest users of wood in the world, and we can not cut down our per capita use to the level of European countries and at the same time continue to develop our great natural resources and maintain our country's industrial supremacy. * * * The kernel of our problem is the fact that enormous areas of our forest land are not producing the timber crops that they should. We have 217 million acres of cut-over land bearing no saw timber and 81 million acres devastated as the result of bad methods of cutting and repeated fires, and producing nothing worth while. Each year we are adding a considerable acreage to this idle land as cutting and burning of forests continue. * * * We must stop devastation of our remaining forests. We must put those idle acres to work growing trees. Forest-fire prevention is an important part of the problem. We can all help in this. Let us never through carelessness be responsible for a forest fire, and let us always strive to teach others the vital importance of the warning, "Be careful with fire in the woods."—*W. B. Greeley, Forester, U. S. Forest Service.*

The farmer who has a piece of woodland where during the winter months he cuts his firewood and fencing and a few logs for the repair of buildings and implements, and during certain years when prices are high cuts some logs for the neighboring sawmill, but at the same time looks after the piece of woods, cleans it of dead timber and other rubbish, thus keeping out fire and insects, and otherwise makes an effort to keep the land covered with forest—such a man practices

forestry. His forest may be small or large, his ways of doing may be simple and imperfect, so that his woods do not contain as many trees as they should; the trees may not be the best kinds for the particular locality and soil; they may not be as thrifty as they should and could be; but nevertheless here is a man who does not merely destroy the woods nor content himself with cutting down whatever he can sell, but one who cares for the woods as well as uses them, one who sows as well as harvests. He is a forester, and his work in the woods is forestry.—*Filibert Roth*.

Josselyn gives us to understand that the wood of the white pine is that mentioned in the Scriptures as gopher wood, out of which Noah built the ark. Certainly, if the white pine of Josselyn's day was abundant in the neighborhood of Ararat in Noah's time he could have done no better. The wood is light, soft, close and straight grained. You may search the world for one more easily worked or more generally satisfactory. Indeed, the last half century has seen the good white pine of the world pretty nearly used up, certainly all the best of it, for wood-working purposes. Fifty years ago it was the cheapest New England wood, to-day it is the highest priced; and the old-time clear pine, free from knots and sapwood, is almost impossible to obtain at any price. In 1832 white pines were not rare in Maine 6 feet in diameter and 240 feet high. In 1736, near the Merrimac River, above Dunstable in New Hampshire, a pine was cut, straight and sound and having a diameter at the butt of 7 feet 8 inches. Could a man have a few of these on his farm anywhere in New England to-day they would be worth more than any other crop the centuries could have raised for him.—*Winthrop Packard*.

THE AUTUMN GLORY IN THE TREES

And I wish that for a hundred, nay, for a thousand years to come. I could on each recurring November have such an afternoon ride, with an autumnal glory in the trees. Sometimes, seeing the road before me carpeted with pure yellow, I said to myself, "Now I am coming to elms"; but when the road shone red and russet-gold before me I knew it was overhung by beeches. But the oak is the common tree in this place, and from every high point on the road I saw far before me and on either hand the woods and copses all a tawny yellow gold—the hue of the dying oak leaf. The tall larches were lemon-yellow, and when growing among tall pines produced a singular effect. Best of all was it where beeches grew among the firs, and the low sun on my left hand shining through the wood gave the coloured translucent leaves an unimaginable

splendour. This was the very effect which men, inspired by a sacred passion, had sought to reproduce in their noblest work—the Gothic cathedral and church, its dim interior lit by many-coloured stained glass. The only choristers in these natural fanes were the robins and the small lyrical wren.—W. H. Hudson.

“Jock, when ye have naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye’re sleeping.” [Advice of the Laird O’Dumbeedykes to his son.]—“*The Heart of Midlothian*,” Sir Walter Scott.

21. Conclusion.

The program should conclude with discussion of a practical forestry project to be undertaken by the children. The following are suggested as plans among which each school, club, or scout troop may choose one or more well suited to its opportunities:

1. Plant shade trees along streets or on school grounds, or seedlings on eroded lands and in open spaces in woods.
2. Hold parades in which forest protection floats or slogans are used.
3. Stage a forest-protection pageant.
4. Take “hikes” to study tree identification and the injury done to trees by fire.
5. Print forest-fire prevention signs and place them in wood lots or on camp property.
6. Give demonstrations in the woods or in parks of the proper way to lay a camp fire.
7. Inspect the watersheds of town reservoirs, and look for insanitary camp sites, eroded areas, sparsely grown areas, etc. Also study the trails and roads that are used to protect forests from fire.
8. Give talks before classmates, school assemblies, or clubs on American forests and their use for recreation and timber production.
9. Thin out the undesirable trees and clean out the dead material on their own camp grounds or in the woods of farmers and forest owners.

NOTE.—For the privilege of using certain of the foregoing selections the Forest Service is indebted to the courtesy of the publishers. The numbers under which these selections appear in the program, the names of the publishers, and the titles of the volumes from which the selections were taken, are as follows: 3. Educational Publishing Co. 4. Small, Maynard & Co.: *The Land We Live In*. 5. George H. Doran Co.: *The Dreamers and Other Poems*. 11. Houghton Mifflin Co. 12. American Civic Association. 14. Funk & Wagnalls Co.: *The New Garden of Canada*. 15. G. P. Putnam’s Sons: *Roughing it Smoothly*. 16. Charles Scribner’s Sons. 18. Small, Maynard & Co.: *The Land We Live In*. 20. Ginn & Co.: *First Book of Forestry*, by Filibert Roth. Small, Maynard & Co.: *Old Plymouth Trails*, by Winthrop Packard. E. P. Dutton & Co.: *Afoot in England*, by W. H. Hudson.

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PROGRAM

for observance of

American Forest Week

April 24-30, 1927

at

School, Boy Scout, and Four-H
Club Meetings, and other
Assemblies



UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

M-5027

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[It is not suggested that the following program be used in its entirety at any one meeting or assembly. Enough material is included in it to permit selection, or to provide two or more programs for the individual school or club. Additional copies of this folder may be obtained in limited quantities from the U. S. Forest Service, Washington, D. C.]



1. Song, "America the Beautiful."

2. Reading.

FOREST CONSERVATION

A forest is more than a collection of trees. It is not merely a wood storehouse. It is a wood factory, a water reservoir, a fish hatchery, a game refuge, and a wild-flower preserve. All these in one the forest truly is.

We are the biggest wood users on the face of the earth. The people of the United States actually use two-fifths of all the wood consumed in the world. I see no chance of an early abandonment of the wood-using habit. The way out of this situation is clear. We have been—and I hope we may continue to be—a nation of wood users, but to enjoy this privilege and the prosperity that goes with it we must become a nation of wood growers.

The biggest mistake made in the lumbering of the past was that no provisions were made for forest renewal. As a result we have vast stretches of idle forest land. It brings no good to anyone. It pays little or no taxes, keeps willing hands out of work, builds no roads, supports no industries, kills railroads, depopulates towns, creates a migratory population, all of which work against a good and stable citizenship. Idle forest land serves no one well. It is a menace to our normal national life.

We must do more than accept conservation. We must preach it and, what is most important of all, we must practice it. It is not enough to have a right attitude on this subject. For however right an attitude is, unless translated into action, little good will come from it.

If we act the part of good citizens we will bestow upon our children a wisely conserved heritage of natural resources. By doing this we will rear to ourselves a monument of noble vision and unselfish enterprise. Such a conservation policy will make this country a better land in which our boys and girls, and their boys and girls, can become the kind of men and women we want them to be.—*Gifford Pinchot.*

3. Recitation.

TREES OF THE FRAGRANT FOREST

(For six children. As they take their places upon the stage, those in seats recite the first stanza.)

Trees of the fragrant forest,
With leaves of green unfurled,
Through summer's heat, through winter's cold,
What do you do for our world?

First:

Our green leaves catch the raindrops
That fall with soothing sound,
Then drop them slowly, slowly down;
'Tis better for the ground.

Second:

When, rushing down the hillside,
A mighty freshet foams,
Our giant trunks and spreading roots
Defend your happy homes.

Third:

From burning heat in summer
We offer cool retreat,
Protect the land in winter's storm
From cold, and wind, and sleet.

Fourth:

Our falling leaves in autumn,
By breezes turned and tossed,
Will make a deep sponge-carpet warm,
Which saves the ground from frost.

Fifth:

We give you pulp for paper,
Our fuel gives you heat;
We furnish lumber for your homes,
And nuts and fruit to eat.

Sixth:

With strong and graceful outline,
With branches green and bare,
We fill the land through all the year
With beauty everywhere.

All:

So, listen! From the forest
Each one a message sends
To children on this Arbor Day:
"We trees are your best friends!"

—Primary Education

NOTE.—"April" may be substituted for "Arbor" in the last stanza if the recitation is to be given on some other day than Arbor Day.

4. Reading.

HOW FORESTS PROTECT STREAMS

By OVERTON PRICE

Forests are to streams what the storage battery is to the electric wire—the source of useful power, and energy, and current in reserve. Take away the battery, and the wire is dead; injure the battery, and the current loses force and permanence.

When the rain falls on a forest, it spatters against the roof of leaves, and the heavy, hard-pounding rain-drops are broken up into a fine, soft mist. Anyone who has stood under a tree during a shower doesn't need to be told that. When this mist reaches the ground under the trees, it falls on a soft bed of dead leaves. This bed has a wonderful power to soak up and hold water; and so the rain soaks slowly into the leaf litter, much as water does into a cloth, until it reaches the soil beneath. This is called the mineral soil, because it was made by the gradual wearing away of rocks of many kinds, which took more years than we can count.

The water slowly works on down through this mineral soil, following cracks and channels already worn by the action of water for thousands of years; continually starting new channels of its own, joining with other rivulets, and so forming streams and even rivers underground. It is these underground waters, finding their way to the surface on the mountain sides and in the valleys, which make springs.

When the forests are gone all this is changed. The sun beats down on the leaf litter, dries it up, and the wind scatters it until only the dense mineral soil is left, which bakes with the heat until it is sometimes nearly as hard as brick. When the rain falls on it, very little soaks in. The rest runs off down hill into the streams, carrying a part of the soil with it. * * * Over there is a bare hillside with great raw gashes and gullies worn in it by the countless little torrents of muddy water which have dashed down it after each hard rain ever since the forest was destroyed.

A little farther down the river we see a tangled mass which evidently was once a large building on the river's bank. But the river rose in flood a few years ago and swept this big mill away like a match box, to pile it up, a useless wreck of broken timbers, a little farther down.

Below where the mill was we see the ruin of a bridge. The same flood which took the mill swept out the bridge as well.

A little farther, just where the valley broadens and the river banks are low, we pass for miles through a sandy, barren stretch which must once have been farmed, because we see fences through it here and there, and also an occasional house. But there are no cattle or crops in the fields. When the river was last in flood it overflowed its banks and spread a film of sand over this rich farm land, or washed its surface soil away and gullied it beyond recovery.

The ruin of the mill, the bridge, and the rich farms is the revenge taken by the river for what men did to the forests which used to feed it.

5. Recitation.

SHADE

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

The kindest thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is shade.

His glorious company of trees
Throw out their mantles, and on these
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.

Green temples, closed against the beat
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.

The white road blisters in the sun;
Now, half the weary journey done,
Enter and rest, O weary one!

And feel the dew of dawn still wet
Beneath thy feet, and so forget
The burning highway's ache and fret.

This is God's hospitality,
And whoso rests beneath a tree
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.

6. Song: "The Monarch of the Woods," or the following:

LOVELY MAY

(To be sung to the tune of "Lightly Row")

Lovely May, lovely May,
Decks the world with blossoms gay.
"Come ye all, come ye all,"
Thus the flowers call.
Sparkles now the sunny dale,
Fragrant is the flowery vale;
Song of bird, song of bird,
In the grove is heard.

Lightly pass, lightly pass,
Thro' the nodding meadow grass,
Woodlands bright, woodlands bright,
Wake from winter's night.
Where the silver brooklet flows,
Rippling softly as it goes,
Will we rest, will we rest,
In green mossy nest.

7. Recitation.

THE TREE

By JONES VERY

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed;

And when the autumn winds have stripped thee bare
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam when most we need
their love.

8. Recitation.

AUTUMN LEAVES

By GEORGE COOPER

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come over the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold;
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."
Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.
"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long;
Little brook, sing us your farewell song—
Say you're sorry to see us go;
Ah! you are sorry, right well we know."
Dancing and whirling the little leaves went;
Winter had called them and they were content—
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a soft mantle over their heads.

9. Recitation.

THE STORY OF A LEAF

By REBECCA D. RICKOFF

I am only a leaf. My home is one of the great trees that grow near the schoolhouse. All winter I was wrapped up in a tiny warm blanket, tucked in a little brown cradle, and rocked by the winds as they blew. Do you not believe it? What I say is true.

Next fall just break off a branch of a tree, and see whether you can not find a leaf bud on it. It will look like a little brown knot.

Break it open, and inside you will see some soft, white down; that is the blanket. The brown shell that you break is the cradle.

Well, as I was telling you, I was rocked all winter in my cradle on the branch. When the warm days came, and the soft rains fell, then I grew very fast indeed. I soon pushed myself out of my cradle, dropped my blanket, and showed my pretty green dress to all who came by.

Oh, how glad every one was to see me! And here I am, so happy with my little brothers and sisters about me! Every morning the birds come and sing to us; the great sun shines upon us, and the winds fan us.

We dance with the winds, we smile back at the bright sun, and make a pleasant shade for the dear birds. Every day, happy, laughing school children pass under our tree.

We are always glad to see you, boys and girls—glad to see your bright eyes, and hear you say, “How beautiful the leaves are!”

10. Recitation.

LITTLE EVERGREENS, GROW!

Hey! little evergreens,
Sturdy and strong!
Summer and autumn time,
Hasten along.
Harvest the sunbeams, then,
Bind them in sheaves,
Range them and change them
To tufts of green leaves.
Delve in the mellow mold,
Far, far below,
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

Up, up so airily
To the blue sky,
Lift up your leafy tips
Stately and high;
Clasp tight your tiny cones,
Tawny and brown;
By and by, buffeting
Rains will pelt down.
By and by, bitterly
Chill winds will blow.
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

11. Recitation.

PLANT A TREE

By LUCY LARCOM

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?
He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;

Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!
He who plants a tree—
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease.
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree—
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear;
New shoots, every year,
On old growths appear;
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree—
He plants love,
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant! life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

12. Song.

A HYMN FOR ARBOR DAY

By HENRY HANBY HAY

God save this tree we plant!
And to all nature grant
Sunshine and rain.
Let not its branches fade,
Save it from axe and spade,
Save it for joyful shade,
Guarding the plain.

When it is ripe to fall,
Neighbored by trees as tall,
Shape it for good.
Shape it to bench and stool,
Shape it for home and school,
Shape it to square and rule,
God bless the wood.

13. Reading.

One Sunday morning in August a little girl about 8 years old was walking along a road on Johns Mountain, in Tennessee. She noticed a cigarette stub smoldering in the leaves by the roadside, but passed by. When she had gone only about twenty steps she heard what she thought was the sound of an automobile coming up behind her. Looking around, she discovered that the smoldering cigarette stub had started a fire in the leaves which was spreading rapidly. She ran to a home near by, and the man of the house hurried back with her to the fire. He soon found that he could not cope with it single-handed, so he rushed to a neighboring church and called out all the men and boys who were attending the church service—about forty in all. The fire had spread so by the time they reached it that they had to fight it all the rest of the day and half the night. When it was finally extinguished, at 11 o'clock at night, it had burned over about 30 acres of woodland.

That little girl does not know who was so careless as to drop the burning cigarette stub in the leaves; but she does know that if she had set her foot on it she would have saved many hours of hard work for forty men and boys, and the trees growing on 30 acres of land.

14. Reading.

A FOREST FIRE

By F. A. TALBOT

The dirty yellow cloud disfiguring the sky on our departure from Fort George loomed up larger and larger as we advanced, until at last it spread over us like a huge canopy stifling the sunlight.

As we pushed into the forest we saw on every side smoking trails through the moss, where the fire had eaten its insidious way amid the dry pile carpet, while wicked tongues of flame betrayed the consumption of a more than ordinarily tender morsel. Now and again there would be a sudden rush, accompanied by a vicious cracking and snapping. Looking towards the spot, one would see the flames jumping from the ground, from branch to branch of a dry tree, setting it aglow from top to bottom in a flash. The spruce tree is the food on which the fire feasts. Its lower branches have the life crushed out of them by the pressure of the thicket and hang dry and dead covered with a hairlike lichen which droops down in thick, tangled masses and is highly combustible. When the fire reaches the foot of a spruce it embraces it in a sheet of roaring flame. * * *

Presently we emerged from a thicket and came upon the full brunt of the effects of the fire. The ground was smoking furiously, and the dead trees were glowing red embers. * * * One's feet sank into about six inches of hot ash.

Here and there about a dozen yards from the trail a huge fire in full blast would be discerned, presenting a solid phalanx of roaring, darting flame a hundred yards or so in width, and lapping branches a hundred feet or more above ground. When the flames suddenly spurted out with a deafening crackling and spitting, the pack horses would stand still, fixing their eyes on the burning mass as if hypnotized, and could only be driven forward by the whip. But it was not the burning forest we so much dreaded, for that was on our lee side, but the wreckage the flames had left in their wake. The roots of these trees spread along the surface drawing their nourishment from the top moss. As this was being consumed, the roots would char slowly until the tree, deprived of its foundation, would cant over, and without the slightest warning come crashing to the ground, unless its descent was arrested by an obstructing tree, when it would be held at a dangerous angle until the support succumbed to the insidious attack of the smoldering fire about its own roots, or a furious wind came along and swept the bending giant to the ground.

For about three hours we wended slowly through this smoldering, burning, smoking labyrinth of collapsing trees, all the time on tenterhooks. Then, emerging upon a rolling flat covered with cottonwood trees, or what is locally described as poplar, we were once more able to stretch our lungs with pure invigorating air.

15. Reading or Talk.

CAMP FIRES

"Nine out of ten campers build fires which are far too large. The average camper becomes very ambitious as soon as he has a fire well started. He wants all outdoors to know about it, hankers for a blaze that is a regular hip-hip-hurrah Fourth-of-July celebration."

Many years ago, T. J. Kirkpatrick related an incident bearing upon this subject which has become something of a classic among outdoors people. He told of camping with an Indian guide when the Indian, while cooking supper over a fire no bigger than a hat, turned and said:

"White man make heap big fire—stand way off. Indian make little fire—sit down side him."

Observe at all times the utmost caution as to where and how you build your camp fire, especially so when there is a sharp wind blowing. Build it in a trench or depression at such times so that sparks will neither

head for one's tent nor scatter broadcast. Terrible forest holocausts have resulted from stray sparks settling upon a dry forest floor. Indeed, during a very dry spell, the forest is about as inflammable as the waste paper basket beside your desk at home. Even the dropping of a lighted match, a cigarette, pipe ashes, or an unextinguished cigar may be the means of starting a devastating forest fire.

The fact is commonly recognized that a log above ground will smolder unnoticed and later break into flames when fanned by a freshening wind, but not so many people who use the woods realize that the same sort of situation may occur out of sight underground. Not infrequently a fire has burned for several days underground and then suddenly flashed through the surface many yards away, a devastating flame.

The reason for this seeming incongruity is that the forest floor in many instances is hardly more than a thick layer of humus—decayed vegetation which when dry holds fire for a long time. A fire should not be built on a layer of this sort.

When your camp fire has died down and you are ready to pass on to other parts, do not leave until the fire is deader than the proverbial doornail. For a fire is just that crafty that if lingering sparks remain it may blaze to life again the minute you are out of sight. A fire is never out until the last spark is out.—*Elon Jessup*.

16. Reading.

THE STORY OF TWO MATCHES

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

One day there was a traveler in the woods in California, in the dry season, when the "trades" were blowing strong. He had ridden a long way and he was tired and hungry, and dismounted from his horse to smoke a pipe. But when he felt in his pocket, he found but two matches. He struck the first and it would not light.

"Here is a pretty state of things," said the traveler. "Dying for a smoke, only one match left, and that certain to miss fire! Was there ever a creature so unfortunate? And yet," thought the traveler, "suppose I light this match, and smoke my pipe, and shake out the dottle here in the grass—the grass might catch on fire, for it is dry like tinder; while I snatch out the flames in front, they might evade and run behind me and seize upon yon bush of poison oak; before I could reach it, that would have blazed up. Over the bush I see a pine tree hung with moss; that, too, would fly in fire upon the instant to its topmost bough. And the flame of that long torch—how the trade wind would take and brandish that through the

inflammable forest! I hear this dell roar in a moment with the joint voice of wind and fire. I see myself gallop for my soul, and the flying conflagration chase and outflank me through the hills. I see this pleasant forest burn for days, the cattle roasted, the springs dried up, the farmer ruined and his children cast upon the world. What a world hangs upon this moment!"

With that he struck the match, and it missed fire.

"Thank God," said the traveler, and put his pipe in his pocket.

17. Recitation.

MADE OF WOOD

By L. C. EVERARD

The ships hard fought by John Paul Jones,
The rails that Lincoln split;
Brave Freedom's huts at Valley Forge,
The synonym of grit;
Mount Vernon's halls and columned porch
Where Washington once stood;
America these mean to us,
And all were made of wood.

The musket butt the Minute Man
Pressed hard to sturdy shoulder;
The high stockade of Dan Boone's fort
That thwarted redskin murder;
The ramrod Molly Pitcher snatched,
All red with loyal blood;
America these mean to us,
And all were made of wood.

The staff that held Fort Moultrie's flag,
By gallant Jasper raised;
Bold Perry's fleet from forest hewed
That doomed a foe amazed;
The wagon trains that won the West
And every fear withstood;
America these mean to us,
And all were made of wood.

The pines that clothe the southern plains,
The big trees of the West;
The Douglas fir on Cascade slopes,
The spruce o' the Rockies' crest;
The white pine of New England's hills,
The hemlocks on Mount Hood;
America these mean to us,
Pride, beauty, wealth, in wood.

18. Recitation.

A CONTRAST—FORESTRY OR NO FORESTRY

By OVERTON PRICE

A fair land, fertile and kindly, * * * impoverished and marred; its forests wasted by fire and destructive methods of lumbering; its streams mere sewers for the soil wash from denuded hillsides;

* * * the fertility of its farms so lowered that they offer only the barren hope of a mere existence to those who till the soil; a nation with a great beginning, checked abruptly in its forward movement and its growth by lack of the substance upon which to feed.

Now, the other side: A fair land, made still more fair by thrift; a land whose great strength and power lie not merely in the length of its purse, but in the natural resources which give it real independence; its green forests clothing the mountains, and so cherished that they furnish perpetual reservoirs of wood for men's needs; its streams clear and forest fed, unfailing sources of water for men and crops to drink, and for boats to float upon; a nation great like its beginning, wholesome and strong-hearted, traveling onward happily through the unnumbered centuries to its goal.

19. Song.

ON FOREST LAND

By L. C. EVERARD

(To be sung to tune of "My Maryland")

Great forests grew in days gone by
On forest land, on forest land,
Where now bare sands and black stumps lie
On forest land, on forest land;
For saw and ax in careless hand
Have swept the trees from forest land,
And fire has flung his glowing brand
On forest land, on forest land.

The acres burned, the acres bare,
On forest land, on forest land,
The acres wrecked by lack of care,
On forest land, on forest land,
Now spread their millions, barren, dead,
Where no man works, no game is fed;
And muddy streams their banks o'erspread,
On forest land, on forest land.

Drive out the fire that seeks to spoil
Our forest land, our forest land,
And save the trees and save the soil,
On forest land, on forest land.
We'll cut our logs with careful hand,
Leave seed to grow a later stand,
And plant with trees the idle land—
Make forest land a harvest land.

20. Quotations to be read or recited.

On my west line is a fringe of forest, through which rushes in spring, trickles in early summer, and dies out entirely in August, the issues of a noble spring from the near hillside. On the eastern edge of this belt of trees stands the monarchical oak, wide-branching on the east toward the open pasture and the free light, but on its western side lean and branchless, from the pressure of neighboring trees. * * *

Under this oak I love to sit and hear all the things which its leaves have to tell. No printed leaves have more treasures of history or of literature to those who know how to listen. But, if clouds kindly shield us from the sun, we love as well to couch down on the grass some thirty yards off, and, amidst the fragrant smell of crushed herbs, to watch the fancies of the trees and clouds. The roguish winds will never be done teasing the leaves, that run away and come back, with nimble playfulness. Now and then a stronger puff dashes up the leaves, showing the downy under-surfaces that flash white all along the up-blown and tremulous forest edge. Now the wind draws back his breath, and all the woods are still. Then some single leaf is tickled, and quivers all alone. I am sure there is no wind. The other leaves about it are still. Where it gets its motion I can not tell, but there it goes fanning itself and restless among its sober fellows. By and by one or two others catch the impulse. The rest hold out a moment, but soon catching the contagious merriment, away goes the whole tree and all its neighbors, the leaves running in ripples all down the forest side. I expect almost to hear them laugh out loud. * * *

Different species of trees move their leaves very differently, so that one may sometimes tell by the motion of shadows on the ground, if he be too indolent to look up, under what kind of tree he is dozing. On the tulip tree (which has the finest name that ever tree had, making the very pronouncing of its name almost like the utterance of a strain of music—*Liriodendron tulipifera*)—on the tulip tree, the aspen, and * * * all native poplars, * * * each [leaf] moves to suit itself. Under the same wind one is trilling up and down, another is whirling, another slowly vibrating right and left, and others still, quieting themselves to sleep, as a mother gently pats her slumbering child; and each one intent upon a motion of its own. Sometimes other trees have single frisky leaves, but usually the oaks, maples, beeches, have community of motion. They are all acting together, or all are alike still.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

The farmer who has a piece of woodland where during the winter months he cuts his firewood and fencing and a few logs for the repair of buildings and implements, and during certain years when prices are high cuts some logs for the neighboring sawmill, but at the same time looks after the piece of woods, cleans it of dead timber and other rubbish, thus keeping out fire and insects, and otherwise makes an effort to keep the land covered with forest—such a man practices forestry. His forest may be small or large, his ways of doing may be simple and imperfect, the trees may

not be the best kinds for the particular locality and soil, they may not be as thrifty as they should and could be; but nevertheless here is a man who does not merely destroy the woods nor content himself with cutting down whatever he can sell, but one who cares for the woods as well as uses them, one who sows as well as harvests. He is a forester, and his work in the woods is forestry.—*Filibert Roth*.

And I wish that for a hundred, nay, for a thousand years to come, I could on each recurring November have such an afternoon ride, with an autumnal glory in the trees. Sometimes, seeing the road before me carpeted with pure yellow, I said to myself, "Now I am coming to elms"; but when the road shone red and russet-gold before me I knew it was overhung by beeches. But the oak is the common tree in this place, and from every high point on the road I saw far before me and on either hand the woods and copses all a tawny yellow gold—the hue of the dying oak leaf. The tall larches were lemon-yellow, and when growing among tall pines produced a singular effect. Best of all was it where beeches grew among the firs, and the low sun on my left hand shining through the wood gave the coloured translucent leaves an unimaginable splendour.—*W. H. Hudson*.

AMERICAN TREES AS THEY APPEAR TO AN ENGLISH SCIENTIST .

If we compare the European set of trees with that of the forest region of eastern America we find a wonderful difference. Among [the trees of eastern America] are magnolias, tulip trees, red and yellow horse-chestnuts, the locust or common acacia, the honey-locust (a far handsomer tree), the liquidambar, the sassafras, the hickories, the catalpa, the butternut and black walnut, many fine oaks, the hemlock spruce, the deciduous cypress, and a host of others less generally known. Most of these differ from our native trees by their more varied and beautiful foliage, by many of them being flowering trees often of the most magnificent kind, and, what is equally important, by the glorious tints which a large proportion of them assume in autumn. Every one has heard of the rich autumnal tints in Canada and the United States as something of which our woods, beautiful as they are, give hardly any idea. Instead of the yellows and browns of our trees, there is in the American forest every tint from the richest scarlet and crimson to yellow, which, combining in endless varieties, give a splendor to the autumnal landscape which is worth a journey across the Atlantic to behold. * * *

Passing now to the western or Californian coast of North America, we find another forest region, remark-

ably different from that of the Eastern States. It is characterized by extreme richness in coniferous trees. * * * Almost all the [deciduous] trees which are especially characteristic of eastern America are wanting, their place being chiefly supplied by peculiar species of oaks, maples, ashes, birches, and poplars, groups which are equally abundant on both sides of the Atlantic. When we turn to the coniferous trees, however, western American stands preeminent, possessing nearly twice as many different kinds as the Eastern States, and nearly three times as many as all Europe, while it exhibits the grandest, tallest, and most beautiful firs, pines, and cypresses in the world.—*Alfred R. Wallace.*

21. Conclusion.

The program should conclude with discussion of a practical forestry project to be undertaken by the children. The following are suggested as plans among which each school, club, or scout troop may choose one or more well suited to its opportunities:

1. Plant trees along streets, on school grounds, on eroded lands, or in open spaces in woods.
2. Stage a forest-protection pageant, or a parade in which forest-protection floats or slogans are used.
3. Take "hikes" to study tree identification and the injury done to trees by fire.
4. Print forest-fire prevention signs and place them in wood lots or on camp property.
5. Give demonstrations in the woods or in parks of the proper way to lay a camp fire.
6. Inspect the watersheds of town reservoirs, and look for insanitary camp sites, eroded areas, sparsely grown areas, etc. Also study the trails and roads that are used to protect forests from fire.
7. Give talks before classmates, school assemblies, or clubs on American forests and their use for recreation and timber production.
8. Thin out the undesirable trees and clean out the dead material on their own camp grounds or in the woods of farmers and forest owners.

NOTE.—For the privilege of using certain of the foregoing selections the Forest Service is indebted to the courtesy of the publishers. The numbers under which these selections appear in the program, the names of the publishers, and the titles of the volumes from which the selections were taken, are as follows: 3. Educational Publishing Co. 4. Small, Maynard & Co.: *The Land We Live In.* 5. George H. Doran Co.: *The Dreamers and Other Poems.* 11. Houghton Mifflin Co. 12. American Civic Association. 14. Funk & Wagnalls Co.: *The New Garden of Canada.* 15. G. P. Putnam's Sons: *Roughing It Smoothly.* 16. Charles Scribner's Sons. 18. Small, Maynard & Co.: *The Land We Live In.* 20. Ginn & Co.: *First Book of Forestry*, by Filibert Roth. E. P. Dutton & Co.: *Afoot in England*, by W. H. Hudson.

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PROGRAM

for observance of

U. S. Department of Agriculture

AMERICAN FOREST WEEK

AT SCHOOL, BOY SCOUT, AND
FOUR-H CLUB MEETINGS, AND
OTHER ASSEMBLIES



Flourishing woodlands mean more than timber crops, permanent industries, and an adequate supply of wood. They minister to our need for out-door recreation; they preserve animal and bird life; they protect and beautify our hillsides and feed our streams; they preserve the inspiring natural environment which has contributed so much to American character.

—Calvin Coolidge.



UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

[It is not suggested that the following program be used in its entirety at any one meeting or assembly. Enough material is included in it to permit selection, or to provide two or more programs for the individual school or club. Additional copies of this folder may be obtained in limited quantities from the U. S. Forest Service, Washington, D. C.]



1. Song, "America the Beautiful."

2. Reading.

FOREST CONSERVATION

A forest is more than a collection of trees. It is not merely a wood storehouse. It is a wood factory, a water reservoir, a fish hatchery, a game refuge, and a wild-flower preserve. All these in one the forest truly is.

We are the biggest wood users on the face of the earth. The people of the United States actually use two-fifths of all the wood consumed in the world. I see no chance of an early abandonment of the wood-using habit. The way out of this situation is clear. We have been—and I hope we may continue to be—a nation of wood users, but to enjoy this privilege and the prosperity that goes with it we must become a nation of wood growers.

The biggest mistake made in the lumbering of the past was that no provisions were made for forest renewal. As a result we have vast stretches of idle forest land. It brings no good to anyone. It pays little or no taxes, keeps willing hands out of work, builds no roads, supports no industries, kills railroads, depopulates towns, creates a migratory population, all of which work against a good and stable citizenship. Idle forest land serves no one well.

We must do more than accept conservation. We must preach it and, what is most important of all, we must practice it.

If we act the part of good citizens we will bestow upon our children a wisely conserved heritage of natural resources. By doing this we will rear to ourselves a monument of noble vision and unselfish enterprise. Such a conservation policy will make this country a better land in which our boys and girls, and their boys and girls, can become the kind of men and women we want them to be.—*Gifford Pinchot*.

3. Recitation.

TREES OF THE FRAGRANT FOREST

(For six children. As they take their places upon the stage, those in seats recite the first stanza.)

Trees of the fragrant forest,
With leaves of green unfurled,
Through summer's heat, through winter's cold,
What do you do for our world?

First:

Our green leaves catch the raindrops
That fall with soothing sound,
Then drop them slowly, slowly down;
'Tis better for the ground.

Second:

When, rushing down the hillside,
A mighty freshet foams,
Our giant trunks and spreading roots
Defend your happy homes.

Third:

From burning heat in summer
We offer cool retreat,
Protect the land in winter's storm
From cold, and wind, and sleet.

Fourth:

Our falling leaves in autumn,
By breezes turned and tossed,
Will make a deep sponge-carpet warm,
Which saves the ground from frost.

Fifth:

We give you pulp for paper,
Our fuel gives you heat;
We furnish lumber for your homes,
And nuts and fruit to eat.

Sixth:

With strong and graceful outline,
With branches green and bare,
We fill the land through all the year
With beauty everywhere.

All:

So, listen! From the forest
Each one a message sends
To children on this Arbor Day:
"We trees are your best friends!"

—Primary Education

NOTE.—"April" may be substituted for "Arbor" in the last stanza if the recitation is to be given on some other day than Arbor Day.

4. Reading.

HOW FORESTS PROTECT STREAMS

By OVERTON PRICE

Forests are to streams what the storage battery is to the electric wire—the source of useful power, and energy, and current in reserve. Take away the battery, and the wire is dead; injure the battery, and the current loses force and permanence.

When the rain falls on a forest, it spatters against the roof of leaves, and the heavy, hard-pounding rain-drops are broken up into a fine, soft mist. Anyone who has stood under a tree during a shower doesn't need to be told that. When this mist reaches the ground under the trees, it falls on a soft bed of dead leaves. This bed has a wonderful power to soak up and hold water; and so the rain soaks slowly into the leaf litter, much as water does into a cloth, until it reaches the soil beneath. This is called the mineral soil, because it was made by the gradual wearing away of rocks of many kinds, which took more years than we can count.

The water slowly works on down through this mineral soil, following cracks and channels already worn by the action of water for thousands of years; continually starting new channels of its own, joining with other rivulets, and so forming streams and even rivers underground. It is these underground waters, finding their way to the surface on the mountain sides and in the valleys, which make springs.

When the forests are gone all this is changed. The sun beats down on the leaf litter, dries it up, and the wind scatters it until only the dense mineral soil is left, which bakes with the heat until it is sometimes nearly as hard as brick. When the rain falls on it, very little soaks in. The rest runs off down hill into the streams, carrying a part of the soil with it. * * * Over there is a bare hillside with great raw gashes and gullies worn in it by the countless little torrents of muddy water which have dashed down it after each hard rain ever since the forest was destroyed.

A little farther down the river we see a tangled mass which evidently was once a large building on the river's bank. But the river rose in flood a few years ago and swept this big mill away like a match box, to pile it up, a useless wreck of broken timbers, a little farther down.

Below where the mill was we see the ruin of a bridge. The same flood which took the mill swept out the bridge as well.

A little farther, just where the valley broadens and the river banks are low, we pass for miles through a sandy, barren stretch which must once have been farmed, because we see fences through it here and there, and also an occasional house. But there are no cattle or crops in the fields. When the river was last in flood it overflowed its banks and spread a film of sand over this rich farm land, or washed its surface soil away and gullied it beyond recovery.

The ruin of the mill, the bridge, and the rich farms is the revenge taken by the river for what men did to the forests which used to feed it.

5. Recitation.

SHADE

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

The kindest thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is shade.
His glorious company of trees
Throw out their mantles, and on these
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.
Green temples, closed against the beat
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.
The white road blisters in the sun;
Now, half the weary journey done,
Enter and rest, O weary one!
And feel the dew of dawn still wet
Beneath thy feet, and so forget
The burning highway's ache and fret.
This is God's hospitality,
And whoso rests beneath a tree
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.

6. Song: "The Monarch of the Woods," or the following:

LOVELY MAY

(To be sung to the tune of "Lightly Row")

Lovely May, lovely May,
Decks the world with blossoms gay.
"Come ye all, come ye all,"
Thus the flowers call.
Sparkles now the sunny dale,
Fragrant is the flowery vale;
Song of bird, song of bird,
In the grove is heard.

Lightly pass, lightly pass,
Thro' the nodding meadow grass,
Woodlands bright, woodlands bright,
Wake from winter's night.
Where the silver brooklet flows,
Rippling softly as it goes,
Will we rest, will we rest,
In green mossy nest.

7. Recitation.

THE TREE

By JONES VERY

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed;

And when the autumn winds have stripped thee bare
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam when most we need
their love.

8. Recitation.

AUTUMN LEAVES

By GEORGE COOPER

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come over the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold;
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."
Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.
"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long;
Little brook, sing us your farewell song—
Say you're sorry to see us go;
Ah! you are sorry, right well we know."
Dancing and whirling the little leaves went;
Winter had called them and they were content—
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a soft mantle over their heads.

9. Recitation.

THE STORY OF A LEAF

By REBECCA D. RICKOFF

I am only a leaf. My home is one of the great trees that grow near the schoolhouse. All winter I was wrapped up in a tiny warm blanket, tucked in a little brown cradle, and rocked by the winds as they blew. Do you not believe it? What I say is true.

Next fall just break off a branch of a tree, and see whether you can not find a leaf bud on it. It will look like a little brown knot.

Break it open, and inside you will see some soft, white down; that is the blanket. The brown shell that you break is the cradle.

Well, as I was telling you, I was rocked all winter in my cradle on the branch. When the warm days came, and the soft rains fell, then I grew very fast indeed. I soon pushed myself out of my cradle, dropped my blanket, and showed my pretty green dress to all who came by.

Oh, how glad every one was to see me! And here I am, so happy with my little brothers and sisters about me! Every morning the birds come and sing to us; the great sun shines upon us, and the winds fan us.

We dance with the winds, we smile back at the bright sun, and make a pleasant shade for the dear birds. Every day, happy, laughing school children pass under our tree.

We are always glad to see you, boys and girls—glad to see your bright eyes, and hear you say, “How beautiful the leaves are!”

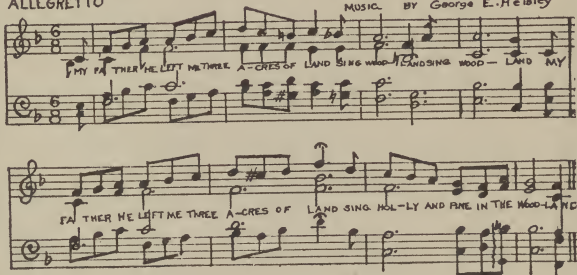
10. Song.

SING WOODLAND

By C. E. RANDALL

ALLEGRETTO

MUSIC BY George E. Healey



My father, he left me three acres of land,
Sing woodland, sing woodland,
My father, he left me three acres of land,
Sing holly and pine in the woodland.

The land was so rocky it couldn't be ploughed,
Sing woodland, sing woodland,
But nature the land with good trees had endowed.
Sing holly and pine in the woodland.

I planted a piece to potatoes and corn,
Sing woodland, sing woodland,
But all that came up was rough bramble and thorn,
Sing holly and pine in the woodland.

I'd better let little trees grow then, said I,
Sing woodland, sing woodland,
And they'll be worth money to me ere I die,
Sing holly and pine in the woodland.

I kept away fire, fought bugs and disease,
Sing woodland, sing woodland,
And now, as you see, I am proud of my trees,
Sing holly and pine in the woodland.

11. Recitation.

PLANT A TREE

By LUCY LARCOM

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.

Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;

Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree—
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease.
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree—
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear;
New shoots, every year,
On old growths appear;
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree—
He plants love,
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant! life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

12. Song.

A HYMN FOR ARBOR DAY

By HENRY HANBY HAY

God save this tree we plant!
And to all nature grant
Sunshine and rain.
Let not its branches fade,
Save it from axe and spade,
Save it for joyful shade,
Guarding the plain.

When it is ripe to fall,
Neighbored by trees as tall,
Shape it for good.
Shape it to bench and stool,
Shape it for home and school,
Shape it to square and rule,
God bless the wood.

13. Reading.

THE FOREST AS A WATER HOLDER AND SOIL BINDER

The forest is the best of all natural water holders. Its thick, soft mat of fallen leaves, needles, twigs, cones, seeds, and decaying wood absorbs much of the normal rainfall. Acting as a sponge or wick, this mat carries water down into the vegetable mould or humus and thence into the mineral soil. There it joins the great body of underground water that may seep slowly

for months before it emerges in some distant spring or rivulet. By slowing down the run-off, and by taking large quantities of water underground and delaying its passage to the streams, the forest reduces flood heights and prolongs the flow of streams. Forests mean, then, less fluctuation of water in the streams, slower run-off, and better navigation.

Snow in the forest melts later and much more slowly than snow in the open, so that its burden is added to the streams after snow water from the open has already passed off. This delay, though it may prolong high water, makes it less severe. The forest is warmer in winter than open country, and its soil may remain unfrozen or may freeze only slightly, thus being able to absorb the water from melting snow. In the open the soil is frozen hard and deep; and the snow, melted by the first warm rains, pours torrents into the streams.

The same things that make the forest a good water holder make it a good soil binder. And this soil binding is extremely important not only in flood control but in the conservation of our soil wealth. A good dense forest keeps the soil in place instead of loosing it into the rivers. The fibrous roots bind the soil together. The thick mat of leaves and humus keeps the water from cutting into the soil. In a well-kept forest the streams usually run clear even after a heavy rain.

The destruction of the forest exposes the soil, which permits rain water to run off rapidly. The cutting power of water increases even faster than its speed; and the bare soil, no longer protected by leaf litter, is rapidly washed away. Millions of tons of our richest topsoils are yearly washed into the streams. They are irrecoverably lost to our farm and forest wealth and are adding enormously to the problems of navigation and flood control.—*Ward Shepard.*

14. Recitation.

REQUIEM

By IRENE WELCH GRISSOM

The big pine trees, that proudly rise
Tall tier on tier against the skies,
Must die—and soon—dark smoke clouds spill
The burning brands across the hill.

Long centuries, benign, serene,
They've clothed the land in living green;
A forest of majestic sweep,
With hidden valleys, cool and deep.

Where wild things came, year after year,
To rear their young, free from all fear,
And winter snows and summer rains
Were held in store for thirsty plains.

How desolate the land will be!
How sad the blackened stumps to see!
For many men shall come and go
Ere once again the big pines grow.

15. Recitation.

FIRE

We all need fire. We all use fire. The world of to-day does its business, enjoys its pleasures, and lives its life with the aid of instruments fashioned by fire. There is fire in every home, in every factory, in every locomotive and motor car. Man takes fire with him everywhere—on the land, in the air, and under the sea. And the Lord sends fire in crashing thunderbolts from the heavens.

Fire is everywhere, and ever unsatisfied, ever seeking new things to devour for service or for harm, it cares not which. And spread out on the hillsides and over the sandy plains lie miles on miles of the fuel it seeks—forests of pine and spruce and hardwood, beautiful to see, useful to use, pleasant to visit. From thousands of vantage points fire seeks to escape from its labor of service and destroy this beauty, this use, and this pleasantness. Ninety thousand times last year it broke its bounds and got loose in the forest; ninety thousand times it turned from serving man to killing trees; ninety thousand times it struck a blow at all of us.

A friend who strikes so often and so hard, who leaves us with injuries so sore, needs to be watched and feared. No matter how we may rejoice at times in his presence and the work he does, he needs to be watched and feared.

We all use fire. We all need fire. But we all need to watch and fear fire—fire in the home, fire in the factory, fire in the forest.—*L. C. Everard.*

16. Reading or Talk.

CAMP FIRES

"Nine out of ten campers build fires which are far too large. The average camper becomes very ambitious as soon as he has a fire well started. He wants all outdoors to know about it, hankers for a blaze that is a regular hip-hip-hurrah Fourth-of-July celebration."

Many years ago, T. J. Kirkpatrick related an incident bearing upon this subject which has become something of a classic among outdoors people. He told of camping with an Indian guide when the Indian, while cooking supper over a fire no bigger than a hat, turned and said:

"White man make heap big fire—stand way off. Indian make little fire—sit down side him."

Observe at all times the utmost caution as to where and how you build your camp fire, especially so when there is a sharp wind blowing. Build it in a trench or depression at such times so that sparks will neither head for one's tent nor scatter broadcast. Terrible forest holocausts have resulted from stray sparks settling upon a dry forest floor. Indeed, during a very dry spell, the forest is about as inflammable as the waste paper basket beside your desk at home. Even the dropping of a lighted match, a cigarette, pipe

ashes, or an unextinguished cigar may be the means of starting a devastating forest fire.

The fact is commonly recognized that a log above ground will smolder unnoticed and later break into flames when fanned by a freshening wind, but not so many people who use the woods realize that the same sort of situation may occur out of sight underground. Not infrequently a fire has burned for several days underground and then suddenly flashed through the surface many yards away, a devastating flame.

The reason for this seeming incongruity is that the forest floor in many instances is hardly more than a thick layer of humus—decayed vegetation which when dry holds fire for a long time. A fire should not be built on a layer of this sort.

When your camp fire has died down and you are ready to pass on to other parts, do not leave until the fire is deader than the proverbial doornail. For a fire is just that crafty that if lingering sparks remain it may blaze to life again the minute you are out of sight. A fire is never out until the last spark is out.—*Elon Jessup.*

17. Reading.

THE STORY OF TWO MATCHES

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

One day there was a traveler in the woods in California, in the dry season, when the "trades" were blowing strong. He had ridden a long way and he was tired and hungry, and dismounted from his horse to smoke a pipe. But when he felt in his pocket, he found but two matches. He struck the first and it would not light.

"Here is a pretty state of things," said the traveler. "Dying for a smoke, only one match left, and that certain to miss fire! Was there ever a creature so unfortunate? And yet," thought the traveler, "suppose I light this match, and smoke my pipe, and shake out the dottle here in the grass—the grass might catch on fire, for it is dry like tinder; while I snatch out the flames in front, they might evade and run behind me and seize upon yon bush of poison oak; before I could reach it, that would have blazed up. Over the bush I see a pine tree hung with moss; that, too, would fly in fire upon the instant to its topmost bough. And the flame of that long torch—how the trade wind would take and brandish that through the inflammable forest! I hear this dell roar in a moment with the joint voice of wind and fire. I see myself gallop for my soul, and the flying conflagration chase and outflank me through the hills. I see this pleasant forest burn for days, the cattle roasted, the springs dried up, the farmer ruined and his children cast upon the world. What a world hangs upon this moment!"

With that he struck the match, and it missed fire.
"Thank God," said the traveler, and put his pipe in his pocket.

18. Recitation or Song.

MADE OF WOOD

By L. C. EVERARD

(To be sung to the tune of "America the Beautiful")

The ships hard fought by John Paul Jones,
The rails that Lincoln split;
Brave Freedom's huts at Valley Forge,
The synonym of grit;
Mount Vernon's halls and columned porch
Where Washington once stood;
America these mean to us,
And all were made of wood.

The musket butt the Minute Man
Pressed hard to sturdy shoulder;
The high stockade of Dan Boone's fort
That thwarted redskin murder;
The ramrod Molly Pitcher snatched,
All red with loyal blood;
America these mean to us,
And all were made of wood.

The staff that held Fort Moultrie's flag,
By gallant Jasper raised;
Bold Perry's fleet from forest hewed
That doomed a foe amazed;
The wagon trains that won the West
And every fear withstood;
America these mean to us,
And all were made of wood.

The pines that clothe the southern plains,
The big trees of the West;
The Douglas fir on Cascade slopes,
The spruce o' the Rockies' crest;
The white pine of New England's hills,
The hemlocks on Mount Hood;
America these mean to us,
Pride, beauty, wealth, in wood.

19. Recitation.

A CONTRAST—FORESTRY OR NO FORESTRY

By OVERTON PRICE

A fair land, fertile and kindly, * * * impoverished and marred; its forests wasted by fire and destructive methods of lumbering; its streams mere sewers for the soil wash from denuded hillsides; * * * the fertility of its farms so lowered that they offer only the barren hope of a mere existence to those who till the soil; a nation with a great beginning, checked abruptly in its forward movement and its growth by lack of the substance upon which to feed.

Now, the other side: A fair land, made still more fair by thrift; a land whose great strength and power lie not merely in the length of its purse, but in the natural resources which give it real independence; its green forests clothing the mountains, and so cherished

that they furnish perpetual reservoirs of wood for men's needs; its streams clear and forest fed, unfailing sources of water for men and crops to drink, and for boats to float upon; a nation great like its beginning, wholesome and strong-hearted, traveling onward happily through the unnumbered centuries to its goal.

20. Song.

ON FOREST LAND

By L. C. EVERARD

(To be sung to the tune of "My Maryland")

Great forests grew in days gone by
On forest land, on forest land,
Where now bare sands and black stumps lie
On forest land, on forest land,
For saw and ax in careless hand
Have swept the trees from forest land,
And fire has flung his glowing brand
On forest land, on forest land.

The acres burned, the acres bare,
On forest land, on forest land,
The acres wrecked by lack of care,
On forest land, on forest land,
Now spread their millions, barren, dead,
Where no man works, no game is fed;
And muddy streams their banks o'erspread,
On forest land, on forest land.

Drive out the fire that seeks to spoil
Our forest land, our forest land,
And save the trees and save the soil,
On forest land, on forest land.
We'll cut our logs with careful hand,
Leave seed to grow a later stand,
And plant with trees the idle land—
Make forest land a harvest land.

21. Quotations to be read or recited.

On my west line is a fringe of forest, through which rushes in spring, trickles in early summer, and dies out entirely in August, the issues of a noble spring from the near hillside. On the eastern edge of this belt of trees stands the monarchical oak, wide-branching on the east toward the open pasture and the free light, but on its western side lean and branchless, from the pressure of neighboring trees. * * *

Under this oak I love to sit and hear all the things which its leaves have to tell. No printed leaves have more treasures of history or of literature to those who know how to listen. But, if clouds kindly shield us from the sun, we love as well to couch down on the grass some thirty yards off, and, amidst the fragrant smell of crushed herbs, to watch the fancies of the trees and clouds. The roguish winds will never be done teasing the leaves, that run away and come back, with nimble playfulness. Now and then a stronger puff dashes up the leaves, showing the downy under-surfaces that flash white all along the up-blown and

tremulous forest edge. Now the wind draws back his breath, and all the woods are still. Then some single leaf is tickled, and quivers all alone. I am sure there is no wind. The other leaves about it are still. Where it gets its motion I can not tell, but there it goes fanning itself and restless among its sober fellows. By and by one or two others catch the impulse. The rest hold out a moment, but soon catching the contagious merriment, away goes the whole tree and all its neighbors, the leaves running in ripples all down the forest side. I expect almost to hear them laugh out loud. * * *

Different species of trees move their leaves very differently, so that one may sometimes tell by the motion of shadows on the ground, if he be too indolent to look up, under what kind of tree he is dozing. On the tulip tree (which has the finest name that ever tree had, making the very pronouncing of its name almost like the utterance of a strain of music—*Liriodendron tulipifera*)—on the tulip tree, the aspen, and * * * all native poplars, * * * each [leaf] moves to suit itself. Under the same wind one is trilling up and down, another is whirling, another slowly vibrating right and left, and others still, quieting themselves to sleep, as a mother gently pats her slumbering child; and each one intent upon a motion of its own. Sometimes other trees have single frisky leaves, but usually the oaks, maples, beeches, have community of motion. They are all acting together, or all are alike still.—*Henry Ward Beecher*

The farmer who has a piece of woodland where during the winter months he cuts his firewood and fencing and a few logs for the repair of buildings and implements, and during certain years when prices are high cuts some logs for the neighboring sawmill, but at the same time looks after the piece of woods, cleans it of dead timber and other rubbish, thus keeping out fire and insects, and otherwise makes an effort to keep the land covered with forest—such a man practices forestry. His forest may be small or large, his ways of doing may be simple and imperfect, the trees may not be the best kinds for the particular locality and soil, they may not be as thrifty as they should and could be; but nevertheless here is a man who does not merely destroy the woods nor content himself with cutting down whatever he can sell, but one who cares for the woods as well as uses them, one who sows as well as harvests. He is a forester, and his work in the woods is forestry.—*Filibert Roth*.

And I wish that for a hundred, nay, for a thousand years to come, I could on each recurring November have such an afternoon ride, with an autumnal glory in the trees. Sometimes, seeing the road before me carpeted with pure yellow, I said to myself, "Now I

am coming to elms"; but when the road shone red and russet-gold before me I knew it was overhung by beeches. But the oak is the common tree in this place, and from every high point on the road, I saw far before me and on either hand the woods and copses all a tawny yellow gold—the hue of the dying oak leaf. The tall larches were lemon-yellow, and when growing among tall pines produced a singular effect. Best of all was it where beeches grew among the firs, and the low sun on my left hand shining through the wood gave the coloured translucent leaves an unimaginable splendour.—*W. H. Hudson.*

Strange as it may seem, the American people, bred for many generations to forest life, drawing no small measure of their wealth from the forest, have not yet acquired the sense of timber as a crop. The immense stretches of cut-over land, mostly too rough or too sterile for tilling, have not awakened us to their vast potential worth as growers of wood. Fully one-fourth of our land area ought to be kept in forest, not poor dwindling thickets of scrub, but forests of trees fit for bridges and houses and ships. Handled by the best timber-cropping methods, our present forest lands could be made to grow even more timber each year than we now use. But much of our cut-over land, lying idle or half productive, is now an immeasurable loss. It pays little or no taxes, it keeps few hands busy, it turns few wheels, it builds no roads. Idle forest land has scrapped schools, factories, railroads, and towns; it has dotted the land with abandoned farms; it has created a migratory population. * * *

The end of the free timber is in sight. World competition for the world supply will leave no large dependable source of imports open to us. The use of substitutes hardly keeps pace with new uses of wood; there is no likelihood that we can become a woodless nation even if we wanted to. When the free timber is gone we must grow our wood from the soil like any other crop.—*Calvin Coolidge.*

22. Conclusion.

The program should conclude with discussion of a practical forestry project to be undertaken by the children. The following are suggested as plans among which each school, club, or scout troop may choose one or more well suited to its opportunities:

1. Plant trees along streets, on school grounds, on eroded lands, or in open spaces in woods.
2. Stage a forest-protection pageant, or a parade in which forest-protection floats or slogans are used.
3. Take "hikes" to study tree identification and the injury done to trees by fire.
4. Print forest-fire prevention signs and place them in wood lots or on camp property.

5. Give demonstrations in the woods or in parks of the proper way to lay a camp fire.

6. Inspect the watersheds of town reservoirs, and look for insanitary camp sites, eroded areas, sparsely grown areas, etc. Also study the trails and roads that are used to protect forests from fire.

7. Give talks before classmates, school assemblies, or clubs on American forests and their use for recreation and timber production.

8. Thin out the undesirable trees and clean out the dead material on their own camp grounds or in the woods of farmers and forest owners.

23. Tree-planting Programs

By MARIE FOOTE HEISLEY

A forestry meeting gains immensely in effectiveness if the program includes tree planting. Sentimental appeal and practical purpose are combined when a tree is planted with appropriate ceremony in a spot where it will grow to be beautiful and useful. At such a meeting the main feature is the tree planting. In addition there may be an appropriate address, recitations, and readings. An invocation by a local clergyman will add impressiveness, as will also a charge of responsibility to the custodians of the tree or trees and a tree planter's pledge. Ensemble singing enables all attending to participate in the exercises. For the tree-planting ceremony a suggested method is to have a planting crew of four. A bugle call summons the crew, each with a spade, who enter singly and form a group about the tree. As each member of the crew takes position he recites a verse of "Plant a Tree" (No. 11 in this program) and all four recite the fifth verse in unison. The tree has previously been placed in the hole, which is filled with earth by the crew at the conclusion of the recitation. The order of the program might be as follows: Invocation, ensemble singing, recitation, tree planting, address, song, reading, ensemble singing.

NOTE.—For the privilege of using certain of the foregoing selections the Forest Service is indebted to the courtesy of the publishers. The numbers under which these selections appear in the program, the names of the publishers, and the titles of the volumes from which the selections were taken, are as follows: 3. Educational Publishing Co. 4. Small, Maynard & Co.: *The Land We Live In*. 5. George H. Doran Co.: *The Dreamers and Other Poems*. 11. Houghton Mifflin Co. 12. American Civil Association. 14. Irene Welch Grissom, Idaho Falls, Idaho. 16. G. P. Putnam's Sons: *Roughing It Smoothly*. 17. Charles Scribner's Sons. 19. Small, Maynard & Co.: *The Land We Live In*. 21. Ginn & Co.: *First Book of Forestry*, by Filibert Roth. E. P. Dutton & Co.: *Afoot in England*, by W. H. Hudson.